



Oops I did it again



👁 138 ✓ 16 ★ 15

Chapter 1 by Rinat Menyashev

Spent an evening browsing the web instead of going to bed early

Chapter 2 by Rinat Menyashev

Started a story that doesn't have a storyline



Chapter 3 by intellikat

And now the devil demands his due.

He came to my window just a tap-tap-tapping

Just a tap-tap-tapping

As I sat at my Chromebook

Just a tap-tap-tapping

"Hello Rinat (may I call you that)



I know that Story Wars demands some distance

Some minimal distance

See more of Story Wars

Fiction and reality blend together

When we name an author

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"But still I say, Rinat, Rinat
But still I say you owe me something, friend
You owe me something, mate
I'm here to collect it, friend."

"You owe me a story
A god-damned story.
Did you think I'd allot you eight chapters just to waste?
Just to waste on fluff and such?"

"So tap-tap-tap
Those fingers tap.
Let's see if skill allows you escape
By the time this story ends."

"If the story I like,
Your soul is free.
If the story I hate,
Your soul is mine."

Chapter 4 by intellikat



I leapt to my desk, I grabbed my pen. No, my pencil. Feverishly, I scrabbled about the open drawer, searching for my Moleskine(tm) notebook. The devil laughed from within my mind. I knew that he would demand my document handwritten. In blood, typically, yes. But he would have to settle for graphite this time.

I settled into the zone and began to write. Under pressure was where I produced my best work.

"Once upon a time there was a handbag with no straps. Her flaps were worn, her zippers no longer closed fully. She was covered with grease stains and pen marks within. And yet, she shouldered on quite literally."

The devil laughed again in my mind. See more of Story Wars [good.](#)

Chapter Story Jack Daw

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A labor of love and a labor of tears, what I wrote that night would surprise you. As I marked the final period, the tip of my pencil snapped with a deafening crack, and the infernal paper tore. Page upon page lay before me, within them a tale of such poise, such high drama and excellent comedy, that all the gods of poetry would weep to read it. Eyes red-rimmed and fingers stiff, I held my masterpiece in trembling hands.

As the first fingers of dawn caressed my desk, I could hear the devil in my ear.

Chapter 6 by Brock Thompson



"Why, that's not bad at all," he said, and I could hear the faint surprise in his voice. "For a mortal, at least."

I smiled, victorious over Satan.

And then he turned on me.

"This is so good," he said maliciously, "that I simply MUST have another one."

No. Please. Not again.

I begged and I fought, but even as I protested, I saw my feet slowly leading me to my chair, and however hard I tried, I still could not look away from the black pen laying on my desk.

I slammed back down into my chair and almost snapped the pen in half when I picked it up, for I was now entwined with the devil. His strength was my strength. My thoughts were his thoughts.

It was for this reason that my next painfully written story was not a comedy, but instead a story of chaos and horror. I wrote things that night that made me inhuman.

Chapter 7 by Jess Ash



The speed with which I wrote should not have been possible. I scribbled letters on the paper at a rate which I never knew the human hand could do. Words formed with a speed I wish I'd had when I tried to write that 150 word paper in the first hour. My fingers ached from gripping the pen so tightly. The only thing that could keep my soul with me, I could feel the devil inside my hand pouring our entwined thoughts onto the paper.

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As the sun rose over the horizon, peeking through my window's blinds, my mind had a single, fleeting thought, one of the few thoughts that kept me sane during my connected period with the ruler of Hell himself.

"I can never tell Grandma about this."

Then, all thoughts were pushed away except for those of the story. Blood and tears were spilt that day. The tears were mine, as my eyes burned from staring at the words that fled my pen. I rarely blinked, so focused I was on getting the story onto the paper. Besides, the devil had no time for anything but writing.

The blood, on the other hand, was not mine. That belonged to the unfortunate characters that moved through our story. The horror unfolded as the sun climbed higher into the sky. Emotions ran thick as syrup through our world, so as to be nearly tangible. Characters were born, killed and born again. That day, I touched the fabric of creation.

At some point late in the next night, disaster struck. The pen scratched one last word onto the paper, then promptly ceased to write. I shook it, shocked, then peered inside. Not a drop of ink remained.

The need to write continued to press me. I threw this useless hunk of plastic, the discarded pen flying to an unknown destination, never to be found again. I began to rummage through my desk, searching for another writing utensil.

As the seconds passed, the need to write built. My search became more desperate. I ripped a whole drawer out of my desk, scattering paperclips and rubber bands across my floor. With no pen found, I ripped out another. I destroyed my room in my frantic search for a single pen.

As I moved away from the trash can, overturned the wastebasket in hopes of finding one discarded only half-empty, I finally admitted there was no pen to be found. I glanced around the utter mayhem that was my room, sensing the devil's growing displeasure with my pause. I

wondered if this would be my last act. I could barely imagine what a hell it would be to clean this mess if I made it out of this scene.

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Speaking of hell, I needed a ticket straight to Satan's palace. The only question was where to get one.

Chapter 8 by SaintSayaka



Fortunately, I knew that Satan owned the branch of Staples that was no more than two minutes from my house. Flinging myself into my car and slamming the gas like an abusive boyfriend, I proceeded to break every single traffic law and provision known to man or marine creature in this life. At the one minute mark, a cop attempted to pull me over, but by mysterious circumstance his car erupted into a plume of flame. Normally, this would have horrified me. At the very least, I would have grappled between the wheel and my purse in an effort to call 911. But I knew that it was only a sign that Satan was on my side. He, too, felt my thirst for the art of written composition.

I didn't bother sliding my car into a parking space. I drove straight onto the walkway, possibly pinning a small child's toe underneath my massive SUV. Or maybe it was a cat. Admittedly, I didn't really look. I threw upon the door to the Staples - damn the "closed" sign, Satan doesn't have office hours - and cried loudly at the sight before me.

It was a virtual pen Mecca. Reds, blues, blacks, and even a few pinks...the colors of the rainbow were available to me with which to script my masterpiece. And the notebooks! Oh, the rows of notebooks! They flashed their breasts and laid forth their soft, stark white bodies, begging to be dirtied by a tip. Blood was not sure whether to divert to my pants or my head, and I thought that I may very well faint, right then and there. Satan was nowhere to be seen, but I knew that my pleasure was his as well, all one and the same. Forget finishing my masterpiece. No, it deserved the likes of a Tolkien-esque saga, something so beautifully detailed and written that I would surely die before its completion. And I only had one night.

I cracked my fingers. Man, would the internet love to hear about this tale. As I tore open my first virginal notebook, I made a decision - in the morning, I would create an open forum with which to post my story. People would never believe it, but would I need them to?

My name is Joakim, and I am the man who made a deal with the devil...and lived to tell the tale.

the end

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